



THE

## JOLLY RAKE OF ALL TRADES

Of all the trades that's going a rover's my delight  
For if he rambles all the day he will pleas my heart at night,  
For with his pack all on his back he rambles to & fro  
And his dwelling is uncertain wherever he dose go

He roams throughout the nation his pleasure to divert  
With youthful recreation for to delight his heart  
And cou ting pretty fair maids through market-towns & fair,  
His life it gaily passes free from all strife & care

In Longford he buys yarn he's a pedlar in Mullingar  
Among the pretty foir maids disposing of his ware  
In Granest he's a Cooper a tinker in Ballybay  
Where he dose kiss his landlady his reckoning to pay

In Mountmellick he's a tanner a hatter in Athlone  
And for a skill'd doctor in Boylehe is well known  
And when he comes to Sligo he makes good whiskey there  
And in sweet Inniskillen he deals in maidens ware

Ac's a weaver in Londonderry a shoemaker in Straban  
He's a hair merchant in Lambeg & a brewer in Coleraine  
Where he dose brew good humming ale and love a pretty main  
And when he comes to Belfast he's a butcher to his trade

In Lisburn he's a joiner a glazier in Lurgan town  
In Dromore he's a brazier and a smith in Portadown  
In Armagh he's a piper a merchant in Nwry town  
And when he come to Drogheda he draws good ale that's brown

In Dublin he's a carpenter and works all by his rule  
In Wicklow he's a mine, in Athlone keeps a school  
He's a founder in Enniscorthy and a baker in Carlow town  
Because he is a rover bold he always gains renown

In Wexford and Kilkenny he drinks good ale and beer  
In Thurles he's a trooper and courts the maidens fir  
A shearman he's in Carrick and a dyer in Clonmel  
And in Watford he's a currier and dresses leather well

In Dufferin he's a fisherman and ploughs the raging main  
In Yonhal he's a wool comber and makes his wool to shine,  
A jovial rake in Mallow among the raking blades  
Where he dose sport and frolic among the pretty maids

In Londen Cork and Bntry Roscarby and Kinsale  
He is a jolly smuggler and in foreign ware dose deal  
And far to please the ladies he'd venture all his store  
And like a gallant he dose roves from shore to shore

He is a glen smith in Killarney and a gamester in Tralee  
Among the Kerry lassies he spends his money free  
In Limerick a brouge maker his watches he makes in Clare  
And in Galway a barber and dresses ladies hair

Now dose range the nation his pleasure to pursue  
Changing his occupation to every trade that's new  
And for to please the ladies for pleasure he dose roam  
But still his love is true to me when he returns home